

talk about; but when I tell her, and she adds her voice to ours, I am sure you will not be able to refuse any longer."

Mrs. Renshaw exchanged a look with her husband. "It is not necessary," she said in a broken voice. "We accept, Harry."

"That is right," Mr. Atherton said as he wrung Mr. Renshaw's hand warmly, and then affectionately kissed Mrs. Renshaw. "Now we are going to be a very happy and united family. Now, go in and tell Marion."

"Tell her yourself," Mrs. Renshaw smiled, wiping her eyes; and Mr. Atherton took his way to the house.

Marion was indeed delighted with the news. The thought of leaving her mother and father behind had been the one drawback to her happiness. She had been her mother's right hand and her father's companion. She had thought how terribly they would miss her, and how, as years went on, they would, far more than now, feel the difference between their present life and that they had formerly led. The news that they would be always near her and settled in a comfortable home filled her with delight. A few minutes after Mr. Atherton entered the house she ran out to her father and mother and threw her arms fondly around them. "Is it not happiness, mother," she cried, "to think that we shall still be together?"

"If you are not a happy woman, child, it will be your own fault," her father said. "I consider you a marvellously lucky girl."

"As if I did not know that!" she replied, laughing through her tears.

Mr. Atherton did not sail quite so soon as he had intended. A church had recently been erected at the central settlement, and a clergyman established there,